Volume 2 Chapter 1 Part 1

Chapter 1: Good Morning, Parallel World

Translator: Tenshi

My little sister looks at me with upturned eyes while coming over and asking,

“May we……sleep together?”

It was just for a second, but my mind turned pure white.

Her moist eyes are looking at me with a mixture of cajolery and embarrassment.

Her light pink lips and white cheeks are quivering, revealing her hesitation.

This is a technique permissible only to little girls untouched by corruption——the ultimate technique, one could say. One hit sure kill. There is no man capable of resisting this. More like, anyone who is capable of resisting this is no man. Although I am fully aware of this——I almost reflexively try to resist.

“B-……”

Baka. What are you saying.

It is only a few simple words, but for some reason, my voice won’t come out.

As if some magic had been cast over me, my tongue is petrified and cannot move.

Furthermore——

“…...I couldn’t sleep, so……may I……?”

Hugging her pillow under her right armpit, she asks me once again.

It is absolutely perfect.

Coming into her older brother's room in the deep of night…… A pillow is the right answer for what to bring.

Formidable. Truly formidable. I can barely find the chance to turn her away.

Dear little sister mine, since when have you grown so much……?!

"Onii-chan……"

As if trying to appeal something……her tone takes on an ardent shade.

"I must reject her"——such logic evaporated within a second.

But with that single word, I've already become completely mired within a trap with no escape. "Onii-chan"……of course, curveballs like "Nii-sama" or "Nii-ni" are also not bad. However, 'simple is best' is what they say. In front of this sure-kill technique that was delivered in such an earnest way, there is nothing that I can do.

It took all I had to turn towards the wall.

"……*Ehehe*."

My silence must have been taken as acceptance.

Having turned my back, I can no longer see my little sister. However, from her voice and her presence, I can tell that she's crawling into my bed while giggling as if to hide her embarrassment.

"Onii-chan……"

Her whispered voice touches my back.

Oh no. I've just realized.

I have unwittingly trapped myself.

In this kind of situation——although we will be sharing the bed, facing and hugging each other from the start is improper and absolutely unforgivable. If hugging is to be done, it must start with the back. The first step is to lie back to back within the narrow bed, being conscious of the other's body warmth, and struggling to find the right timing to turn around——then we will be close enough to feel the other's breath while staring into each other's eyes……! This is both coincidence as well as inevitability. This is the most important point. The awkwardness is the greatest possible proof of a young girl's innocence.

Me having turned my back towards my little sister……all it has done is enable her to follow the proper procedure even more faithfully.

"……."

"……."

Then silence, torturous silence, stretches between us two.

However, I've already read the coming development. After a slight while of hesitation in which she builds up her resolve, "I really shouldn't be doing this, right?" or "But towards Onii-chan, I really……" —— that kind of confession is definitely coming! For such is the royal road, such is the true way. I am waiting for the moment when I can turn around and 'accidentally' end up staring into each other's eyes with her. I have no choice but to wait.

And then……

"You know what…… You know what……Onii-chan?"

"….. What is it."

I make an effort to sound brusque.

My heart is, despite not having been asked to, beating at full speed. The sound of my blood rushing throughout my entire body sounds almost deafening in my ears. I somehow calm my heart——and then.

“Onii-chan, you know, I have a request.”

“Re-……request?”

Stop shaking, my voice. Heat powerful enough to burn everything away (meaning unclear).

(T/N: That ‘meaning unclear’ is actually in the text. He’s rambling.)

“Wha-……what is it.”

“You know what?”

I can feel my little sister’s breath on my earlobe.

So close. So sweet. Ahhh~

And then——

“May I tie you up?”

….……..……..*Hahi*?

I spontaneously turn around.

Then my reason returns to me.

“——More like……”

My shout is almost a scream.

“Who in the blazes are you?!”

I certainly do have an actual little sister.

She is two years below me, is super cheeky, and looks at her brother as she would a poisonous snake.

When both parents have jobs in the otaku industry—my dad is a light novel writer and my mom used to be an eroge illustrator—the kids naturally become one of two alternatives: a 100% otaku brainwashed with double the concentration, or a rebel who expresses extreme rejection of all things otaku.

In the case of my family, I am the former, and my little sister is the latter.

Her relationship with our family is generally bad. The worst is with me. In comparison to our parents, upon whom she has no choice but to be both financially and legally dependent on, offending or hurting me has no demerit for her. I hate how well she does such calculations. In order to not clash against our parents, she instead takes out all her rejection symptoms on me as an outlet.

In any event——the young girl currently in front of my eyes is a completely different person from my little sister.

In the first place, my little sister is not silver-haired. Nor are her eyes green. More like, this young girl is clearly not even Japanese.

Realize such things earlier, me!

It’s just that in the face of such a perfectly executed bed-sharing event, in the face of such a relentless attack, I failed to realize something so elementary.

You’re too much of a fool, Kanou Shinichi!

Even I am disappointed in you!

But leaving that aside!

“Onii-chan, that’s so mean.”

The self-alleged little sister, in complete contrast to her words, grins broadly.

For some reason, that face is being illuminated from the bottom up. It’s a complete mystery where the light source is——but due to that, the finely chiseled but cute features seem to be plastered with the fiendish shading of a demon lord.

“Did you forget about your little sister?”

The young girl who is calling herself my little sister has, before I noticed it, taken an imposing stance upon my bed, and is holding a straw rope and whip in her hands while delightedly looking down on me. Her looks are really well-featured, but there is still some roundness from young age here and there. Rather than ‘pretty,’ the word ‘cute’ is a far more apt descriptor.

The self-styled little sister closing in on me with SM goods in her hands is giving off a vibe truly incongruous with a little sister.

What is this eroge?!

Yandere? Did I stumble onto the highway towards the bad end?!

Is this a place where I have to really carefully make my choices for fear of some terrible development?!

Even while some corner of my heart is running through such thoughts, my flustered self can’t help but to reflexively shout out loud.

“I didn’t forget anything, I really don’t have a little sister like you!!”

“So hurtful.....”

Despite her words, the self-styled little sister is snapping the straw rope in her hands with really crisp sounds while leaning forward over me. What is it with these well-practiced movements?! The overdose of fear is causing me to use polite speech even inside my own head.

“Then, what am I to Onii-chan?”

“There is no ‘what am I’..... oh man, wait, stop.....”

“Hmph, then be that way!”

The self-styled little sister is now pouting.

Ah. That’s a bit cute.

.....No no nonono! This is no time to be giving in to such moe!!

“I shall be your Queen starting from today onwards, then.”

“Wai-?! .....Ehhhhhhh?!”

How on earth did, what did I even say for her to reach such a conclusion?!

More like, did you just completely change the way you talk?

(T/N: Petrarca normally speaks in archaic, royal-sounding Japanese. At the start of this chapter, she’s been speaking normally, but now she’s reverted.)

“Your status has just automatically been raised from ‘onii-chan’ to ‘pig’!”

“Wait a──is that even a raise in status?! No, more importantly, the straw rope, the rope, it’s prickling my skin~!”

“*Ei*, what a noisy pig you are. Pigs should just be as pigs are and go ‘*ton ton*’!”

“Pigs go ‘*buhi buhi*’!”

“But it’s such a nice cry that enables you to introduce yourself while confirming your own standing at the same time.”

(T/N: *Ton ton* is the onomatopoeia for pigs walking. *Buhi buhi* is the onomatopoeia for the sounds that pigs actually say.)

“You shouldn’t twist the natural order of things just for the sake of human convenience~~! Be nice to the earth~! Be nice to me too~!”

“*Eei* be silent, you mere tonkotsu!”

(T/N: Tonkotsu is pork bones.)

.....I don’t even..... I mean, huh?

When did I get tied up with the straw rope and start being rolled around on the bed?

So fast. Such speed. More like, I don’t really understand why I can’t resist at all.

“Well then, you five-times-the-thickness-tonkotsu. Be thankful while waking up from taking the inside of my foot!”

So saying, the self-styled little sister—or rather, the silver-haired queen-sama who is no longer my little sister—lowers her foot towards my face while backed by a ‘*dododododododo*’ sound from an unidentified source, causing me to——

“*Tonnnnnnnnnnnnn*——!”

Unconsciously yell out as I awake.

No, I didn't awake as in the perverted meaning. I mean the dictionary definitely of 'rouse from sleep.'

"……..Haahaa……"

I breathe raggedly while sitting up in bed.

It was a terrible dream, in various ways.

In the first place, a little sister who says "I can't sleep. Can we sleep together?" while coming into her brother's room is something that can only exist in fantasies. Such a living creature is, by the laws of physics, an impossibility. All such are merely the products of delusions or phantoms of adolescence. We drift back and forth over the fine line separating dreams from reality while being hurt along the way——such is the path towards growing up…… (being flustered is causing me to be incoherent).

"…..Umm……"

"In the fist place, Shizuki won't even call me by 'Onii-chan.' More like, how does she call me? Eh? Could it be that I haven't had a proper conversation with Shizuki in the past 3 years or so——"

"Umm, Danna-sama?"

"…..I-, I don't feel sad at all about not having talked to Shizuki for three whole years, alright? Or so I try to gloss over by pretending to be tsundere. But then again, way back in the day didn't Shizuki use to follow behind me quite often, and even cry when I tried to leave for primary school? But man, that was so far in the past, seriously."

"Danna-sama——umm. Breakfast is ready……"

"Oh yea, we also stopped eating breakfast together recently……"

After muttering all that.

I finally realize that I am not alone in my bedroom.

"……."

"Danna-sama?"

When I turn around, there is a maid-san standing there.

With flax-colored hair and blue eyes, she is a beautiful young girl who is clearly 'a foreigner' at first glance.

When Japanese wear the maid uniform, it is almost impossible to be rid of the cosplay-feel…… when this girl has it on, however, there is absolutely nothing that feels out of place. With her white shoulders bare, and the length of her skirt barely reaching her knees, the design of her maid uniform is slightly different from that of the Victorian-era maids, but that slightness is so well-hidden that it is, in its own way, quite amazing.

Even her looks are very pretty and fits the uniform very well. But on top of that, the perplexed—more like, puzzled?—look currently on her face only serves to highlight her exquisite cuteness.

Miusel Foalan.

That is this girl's name.

She is my exclusive maid.

A hikikomori having an exclusive maid——the situation is one that naturally prompts the question "what kind of eroge is that?" At first, even I couldn't shake the feeling that this was a dream——so much so that every morning when I wake up, I had to pinch my own cheeks to confirm that it properly hurts.

Miusel, being Miusel, appears to be surprised at my flustered condition, and is taking a very cautious attitude, but…… she has been taking care

of me and everything around me for roughly 4 whole months. I think we have both gotten relatively used to each other.

Incidentally.

The place where I am sleeping is, of course, an extravagant Western-style room completely different from what I was seeing in my dream.

The furniture is quite minimal, composed of pretty much only lamps. The canopy bed is brazenly placed in the dead center of the room, making it almost a waste of the room's space. Naturally, there is no table, nor are there bookshelves. In short, this is a room only for sleeping in——which is why this bed is positioned as the leading actor. What a waste——is something that I shouldn't say. There are so many rooms in this mansion that if this isn't done, there's no way to use all the rooms.

Well, all that aside.

"Umm, Miusel?"

"Yes, Danna-sama?"

"Since when have you been listening?"

"Umm……"

Tilting her head like a little bird, Miusel mumbles.

Ahh jeez, this girl is just really, why is each and every one of her gestures so cute?!

"Starting from 'Who in the blazes are you?!'…… I guess?"

"Uwah?! I said that out loud?"

The contents of my dreams have apparently been exposed because of my sleep talking.

“So that’s why I answered with ‘I’m Miusel,’ but……”

“Oh come on, Miusel, why didn’t you notice that it was sleep talking?”

“Ah. So that’s what it was.”

So saying, a relieved expression comes over her face.

——Seriously? Was this girl actually worried that after all this time, I still don’t remember her face and name?!

“There’s no way that I would ask Miusel ‘Who are you?’, alright? I mean, how poor would my memory have to be to not remember someone’s face after living so many months together in the same mansion!”

“Oh no, that’s what what I meant……!”

Miusel is quivering while shaking her head in a fluster.

Her long hair, at the back of her head, also sways along.

The first time we met, her hair was bound up in twintail fashion. Now, however, it is in a ponytail. Which means that her slightly pointed ears are showing.

Miusel is not, in the strictest definition of the word, a ‘human.’

She is a so-called ‘half breed.’ Her ears are the proof of this.

Having a sort of inferiority complex about her parentage, Miusel hated revealing her ears, which can be said to be the proof of her inferiority, to other people. She has apparently lived out her entire life hiding her ears. It was an environment where she’s had no choice but to live in

such a way.

But all of that was before she came to my place.

Learning that I don't mind her parentage at all, she's gradually taken to wearing a ponytail inside the mansion. Apparently, a ponytail is much more convenient than twintails, as it falls down less when she's looking downwards, making it more suitable for cooking and doing laundry.

The practical details aside……her ponytail is proof of how much she can let her guard down around here. When I think about that, I feel a slight bit of pride.

Anyhow——

"After you said 'Be nice to me too,' I was troubled as to whether I should call out to you or not……"

"That was also sleep talk!"

So saying, I get down from my bed. As mentioned before, it is an extravagant and canopied piece, a symbol of nobility or wealth conventionally called a 'princess bed.' Of course, the level of comfort of this bed is completely different from that of pipe beds that go for ¥19,800 through mail order. I wonder how much this high grade piece of furniture would be if converted to Japanese yen——actually, I'd be too afraid to sleep in it if I knew, so let's not find out.

"Anyways——sooo, breakfast?"

"Yes. It has been prepared."

"Alright, I'll be right down."

"Understood."

Miusel bows deeply, then turns right and leaves my bedroom.

When we first met, Miusel had tried to help me with my changing as if it was the natural thing to do——according to her, that is apparently considered one of the duties of being a maid. But as a result of me patiently insisting that ‘there is no need to help me with changing when I wake up,’ she now obediently leaves the room as soon as she sees me intending to change.

Although this mansion was prepared for my sake, there are some clothes that I cannot put on by myself. In those cases, I do ask Miusel to help. It’s just that early in the morning, there’s a vigorous part of me that would make everything too embarrassing.

“……*Fuu*.”

I open the curtains covering the windows.

Immediately, the white light of morning surges into the room.

Outside is the scene that I’ve grown used to seeing these past four months.

Deep green forest, and an unbelievably clear sky. The small silhouette flying up above are not birds, but small wyverns selectively bred and trained for knights to ride on.

Indeed. This place is not modern-day Japan.

Where I currently am is a setting originally only restricted to anime and manga and light novels——a genuine parallel world.

♥♦♣♠

Gregorian calendar, year 201*.

The Japanese government made a huge discovery, arguably one of the biggest in human history.

To be exact, the discovery was made by veteran volunteers and local police patrolling the Aokigahara Sea of Trees at the foot of Mt. Fuji, but let's put that aside.

The discovery of the century.

That was……a hyper dimensional passageway leading to a parallel world.

It was found inside the Aokigahara Sea of Trees.

It is still unknown when and why and how it came to be. Out of worry about the enormous effects such a discovery would have on the entire world, the Japanese government opted to keep it as a closely-guarded secret and not perform large-scale investigations and research. Only a very select few privy to the secret, under a heavy gag order, were given express permission to conduct investigations.

In any case.

When the Japanese government learned that on the other side of the hyper dimensional passageway lies an expansive world populated by human countries with distinct cultures, it established an organization under the camouflage name of 'Far East Cultural Exchange Promotion Bureau' in order to initiate relationships with this parallel world.

However.

This……apparently didn't go so well.

The other party, the Holy Eldant Empire, had magic, so the language barrier was unexpected overcome quite easily. What came after was the

problem. The Empire's governmental structure was an empire with a ruler possessing absolute power at the top, and the parallel world's worldviews and cultural standards were close to medieval Europe, which led to various problems——Freedom? Equality? Fraternity? What's all that? Are they edible?——when the cultural exchange started.

Due to the top-secret nature of the bureau, authorizing more people to join the project was already difficult enough. It just happened that the Japanese government was also extremely busy with a change in political administration. The lack of progress in the exchange with the Eldant Empire caused the Japanese government to eventually grow desperate and take bold moves.

In short……the Japanese government decided to adopt the cultural product that had elicited the best response from the Eldant side——namely, anime and manga and the otaku industry at large——as the pivot around which to strengthen the exchange.

As a result, the first company in this parallel world, General Entertainment Company『AmuTec』, was founded under the joint sponsorship of both the Japanese and Eldant sides.

On top of which, the Japanese government decided to leave the management——to be more exact, the steering——of the company to 'someone well-versed in otaku culture.' The interview for AmuTec was held in the holy land of otakus, Akihabara, and the otaku who was in the middle of job hunting and got enticed by the offer was, of all things, installed as the General Manager of the company and kidnapped to the parallel world.

Indeed.

That otaku who was kidnapped was, as you might have guessed, me——Kanou Shinichi.

Which brings us to the present……